

These secrets must not be surveyed
 with eyes !

No creature may those flowers
 crop!

Nor bathe in that clear fountain,
 Where none but PHCEBE with chaste
 virgins wash!

In bottom of that sacred
 mountain— But, whitherj now ?
 Thy verses overlash!



SESTINE i .

WHEN I waked out of dreaming,
 Looking all about the garden. Sweet
 PARTHENOPHE was walking: O what fortune
 brought her hither ! She much fairer than
 that Nymph, Which was beat with rose and
 lilies.

Her cheeks exceed the rose and
 lilies. I was fortunate in dreaming Of
 so beautiful a Nymph. To this happy
 blessed garden, Come, you Nymphs!
 come, Fairies ! hither, Wonder
 Nature's Wonder walking!

So She seemed, in her
 walking. As she would make
 rose and lilies Ever flourish.
 O, but hither Hark! (for I
 beheld it dreaming) Lilies
 blushed within the garden,
 Stained with beauties of that
 Nymph,

The Rose for anger at that Nymph
 Was pale! and, as She went on
 walking^ When She gathered in the
 garden, Tears came from the Rose
 and Lilies! As they sighed, their
 breath, in dreaming I could well
 perceive hither.